WEEKLY MONITOR.

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TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, TENTH MONTH 20, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER.—No. III.

The last number of this paper, concluded with the gentleman's engagement, to describe the manner in which his theory might be reduced to practice, in the management of a family. He observed, that to fulfil his promise, must extend his remarks beyond domestic government, where the evil originates, into the public police, where it is matured.

From improper, and inconsiderate associations, said he, arise a very great proportion of the artificial evils of life. From well devised, and rational associations, are derived many of its enjoyments. In the application of this term, it is not to be confined merely to the association of individuals in society, but will be extended to the objects of our pursuits, and the measures adopted for attaining their end; or the association of desires and means. For example, a parent is desirous that her child should be early impressed with a love of truth, and an aversion to falsehood; at an age when a child is first capable of learning, it is taught by rote to repeat short prayers and hymns, every evening on going to bed: these hymns inculcate truth; but previous to committing them to memory, one year at least must have elapsed, in which the child could perfectly comprehend what was said to it, of a threatening nature; through this period, the mother or nurse has threatened the child with punishment whenever it was refractory; this threat, we will suppose, has been repeated only twice a day, on an average, through the year, which you will acknowledge is a very modest calculation; we will also suppose, that within this term, the promise has *once* been fulfilled, so that the child understands its import. One morning, (previous to the commencement of the year we contemplate) the child happens to be in the room, at the time the chimney-sweep descends from his sooty flight; the child runs terrified to the maid, who pacifies him with a promise, which is never to be performed. Ever after, on every occasion, and frequently without occasion, she threatens him with calling the sweep; this threat, we will suppose to be repeated twice a day, and *never* fulfilled.

We will suppose the child to be now three years of age, and that from this time, he parrots his hymns every evening, and hears the same threats every day, until he has completed his fifth year. We will also suppose that he has been checked by his parents, whenever they have discovered in him an inclination to falsehood, and that they have endeavored to implant a principle of truth in his young mind, on every such occasion, which we will say occurs once a week, through the two succeeding years. In repeating his hymns, truth has been inculcated seven hundred and thirty times; in the admonitions of his parents, it has been enforced one hundred and four times, to these sums add one, for the correction which was administered according to promise, and the sum is eight hundred and thirty-five times, in which a lesson of truth has been administered to the child. We now calculate the number of falsehoods, which have been told him in the three years before mentioned, at the rate of four a day, save one, and the amount is four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine; on comparing these numbers, we find that he has heard somewhat more than five lies to one.—Oh! dear sir, cried the lady, don't give those *little fibs* so harsh a name.

Here the gravity of the speaker's countenance was a little discomposed; with a chastened smile, he asked her if fibs were truths. She replied no. Then, said he, they are certainly falsehoods: for the art of man cannot draw a line between one and the other. This *single expression*, said he, is a striking example, whereby to explain my idea of the inconsistent association of *desires* and *means*. You desire to give your child a disgust, at every species of falsehood. To produce this effect, you give it the most soft and unoffending appellation possible, lest it should be unpleasant to the ear of your little pupil. In other cases, a consistency is often observed, which by its contrast will display the want of it in the above instance. If, for example, you wish to impress the mind of a young child with a fear of straying from home; you will paint the dangers of the street in the most frightful colours. He will be told of being bitten by dogs, kicked by horses, hooked by cows, overrun by carriages, with every other terror which the imagination can suggest. Now here is presented a rational association between the desires, and the means of accomplishing them; while in the cases before mentioned, they are diametrically opposed to each other.

It is a remark, sanctioned by the experience of ages, that example is more prevalent than precept; I shall now add the force of this maxim, to what I before observed on the proportion which the lessons of truth, bore to those of falsehood, received by the child at five years of age.—Except one, those of the former

kind were all *precepts*—those of the latter, all *examples*.

While I have thus explained my sentiments of a rational association of desires and means, I have endeavored to support the negative side of my argument, by pointing out measures which ought *not* to be pursued. If your patience is not exhausted, madam, I will make some brief remarks on improper associations, with respect to the attendants and companions of children, and proceed to state what measures appear to me best calculated, both in the domestic and social compact, for training the rising generation to virtuous habits and amiable manners.

My vanity and self-love, said the lady, have suffered some mortification during your remarks, but as my reason cannot controvert them, my judgment comes forward to solicit their continuation.—My ambition has centered in the education of my children. To behold them receiving my instructions with apparent pleasure, has been a source of delight.—I now, as a pupil, receive from your observations equal pleasure, and wish that this candid acknowledgment may make it reciprocal.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON PROFESSED YOUNG BACHELORS.

This justly despised and execrable race, it is the duty of every one to censure—they can have no claim to the regard of mankind, as their hearts must be shut against all sympathy and gratitude; for no man ever formed the determination *never to marry*, that had not something in him at least, *secretly* wrong, tho' ever so correct in appearance, still he may be *deep* in *error*. A man elevated and amiable enough for domestic life, will of course be happy in partaking of its sweets, and not content himself to live in that state of depravity, and (in the end) wretchedness which bachelors generally must and *do*—carrying on intrigues with married women, and trifling with all the girls they meet; so that in time, their minds become as corrupt as their hearts hardened. It is only the most selfish or mortified part of mankind that can possibly reconcile to themselves, such a mode of life.—To live merely for one's self—how despicable! They fear to marry, thinking it must deprive them in some degree of liberty, and put restrictions upon them, which they are unwilling, from their love of pleasure and ease, to submit to. Every woman of virtue ought therefore to be upon her guard, against a *professed* young bachelor; tho' he may not from fear, *absolutely* offer her an insult, yet he will endeavour with the deepest dissimulation to gain her affections, by shewing to advantage his few good qualities; boasting of those he never could possess; and interesting himself in all that concerns her, with solicitude and apparent affection, until he has attained his end; which finally (if a man of sense) by his unremitted attentions, he may gain by degrees her heart entire—which, when he discovers, if he perceives her to be a simple girl, he trifles with her feelings till some new object presents itself—but should he on the contrary, find her a girl of pride, sense, and delicacy, (perceiving he had gone too far entirely to recede, *with* HONOR) skulks off by degrees, and excuses himself under the *prostituted* name of *friendship*: taking care at the same time, to make it appear by *that* means, he conducts from the principles of *honor*, *and out of pity for the love-sick girl*. This is the life that the *professed* young bachelors generally lead, until they arrive at that period, when their follies *must* cease—then surely discontent, or the dark passions having nothing to divert them, appear, and usurp even the bosoms of those, that had they sought a partner to soothe their cares in the decline of life, might have proved an ornament to their country. A virtuous woman, the consoler of man's life—his friend when all the rest of the world desert him, is a blessing which a bachelor can never possess. He lives apparently alone, in the midst of the world, and finally sinks to the grave, a sour misanthrope, without a friend seriously to lament him—with the detestable epithet of a *despised old bachelor*.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

[*Ibid.*

ON THE MISAPPLICATION OF OUR TIME AND TALENTS.

Nothing is more common than to hear people complain of the shortness of life, who waste it with thoughtless wantonness, and seldom extend their thoughts beyond its limits. Few, very few, seem inclined to contemplate that awful event, which, before the expiration of an hour may happen to us; or to anticipate that vast scene which lies beyond the confines of time, although it is a subject wherein we are essentially interested. It is indeed "an undiscovered country from whose drear bourn no traveller has returned;" yet so far as reason and revelation can guide us, we ought to explore it. The neglect of this important business is a proof of folly. To a sensible mind, unacquainted with the world, it would appear almost impossible that reasonable and accountable beings, whose days are uncertain, and whose happiness in a future state depends on the due performance of the present duties, should be so regardless of their best interests, as not frequently to consider their latter end. But, general experience confirms it to be a truth. The present moment engrosses our attention, and we silently pass on to "the house appointed for all the living," without thought, and without reflection.

Whence can this inconsistency of conduct arise? Is it because it is pleasant to behold the sun; and that even the bare apprehension of being taken from visible things covers the mind with a melancholy gloom?

To the virtuous this can never be the case: to the vicious indeed it may. They cannot reflect on their final separation from what now delights them, without feeling a secret horror. Their desires and prospects are bounded by sensuality; and they consider no loss so great as that of those objects which now delight them. Eternity, in their view, is one vast gloomy waste, and stands arrayed in the horrors of annihilation. They have no just idea of that felicity, of those celestial and permanent enjoyments which await the virtuous when they are removed from illusive objects of time and sense, and centered in a state unchangable and everlasting. They consider not the end of their being, or the imperishable nature of an immortal spirit; are not conscious that they possess faculties capable of everlasting improvement, faculties which only bud in time, but which if properly cultivated will gloriously expand and flourish in immortal vigour forever.

How shocking must the condition of those be, who have mispent their time and talents, when the fatal mandate arrives which will summon them to the tomb, when every thing will appear in its true colors, when the illusive phantoms vanish, and the awakening voice of conscience shall at once proclaim their crimes, and their destiny: at that season what are riches, honors, titles, external pomp and grandeur? What indeed but the *ignis fatuus* of a mistaken fancy, which having danced before us for a moment,

disappears forever, and leaves us in all the dark horrors of a dreadful uncertainty.

If such look backward, the black catalogue of their multiplied transgressions, like the roll which Ezekiel saw, "is written within and without, with lamentation, mourning and woe." If they look forward the prospect is gloomy, "clouds and darkness hang upon it." The day is ended, and the night appeareth wherein no man can work.

[*Sentimental Mag.*

ON THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF LUXURY.

THERE is no greater calamity can befal any people, than when luxury is introduced among them, especially where it becomes general, and is carried to so great a height, that every individual is under some necessity of living beyond his fortune, or incurring the censure of being avaricious. A man once engaged in this extravagant course of living, is seldom able to extricate himself in time, but is hurried on to the brink of ruin, reduces a helpless family to want and misery, and must at length sink under a weight of misfortunes; or, through necessity, be driven to what may sacrifice his honor, country, conscience, and every other consideration, to a present relief, which may—which must—at last, end in his destruction. However amiable virtue and integrity may appear in our eyes, human nature will find it difficult to withstand the threatening misery of immediate want. A prison staring a man in the face, continual duns at his door, or a want of his accustomed pleasures, will drive him to extremities, which nothing but necessity could occasion. He is no longer master of himself; but, like a drowning man, catches at every thing, even his dearest friend, though he should perish with him. To what melancholy extremities will not this unhappy situation lead a man! to poverty, shame, villainy, dependency, and disgrace; and, at length, to sell one's country, to support an idle extravagance. Let a man's income be what it may, if he lives beyond it, this will be the case, sooner or later: and if ever a superior power should fall into such necessitous hands, the very thing which should make the people happy, the abundance of the public treasure, may, if artfully managed, prove the means of their destruction.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. VANDILLE

Was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk; and for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor; being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up, and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to 43 shillings and fourpence.

This prudent economist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity, he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general at the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself."

When he became immensely rich, being in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two, one day he heard a woodman going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter: he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding-hole: and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever: he then sent for a surgeon, to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation was dismissed: he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber who undertook to open a vein for three pence a time; "But," says this worthy economist, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"—"Three times," said he—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces each time," answered the barber. "That will be nine-pence, too much, too much;" says the old miser, "I am determined to go a cheaper way to work: take the whole quantity you desire to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me six-pence:" which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.—Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

MISCELLANY.

EXAMPLE OF CHASTITY.

LUCRETIA was a lady of great beauty and noble extraction: she married Colatinus, a relation of Tarquinius Superbus, king of Rome. During the siege of Ardea, which lasted much longer than was expected, the young princes passed their time in entertainments and diversions. Once as they were at supper, at Sextus Tarquin's, the king's eldest son, with Collatinus, Lucretia's husband, the conversation turned on the merit of their wives: every one gave his own the preference. "What signifies so many words?" says Collatinus; "you may in a few hours, if you please, be convinced by your own eyes, how much my Lucretia excels the rest. We are young: let us mount our horses, and go and surprise them. Nothing can better decide our dispute than the state we shall find them

in at a time when most certainly they will not expect us." They were a little warmed by wine: "Come on, let us go," they all cried together. They quickly gallopped to Rome, which was about twenty miles from Ardea, where they find the princesses, wives of the young Tarquins, surrounded with company, and every circumstance of the highest mirth and pleasure. From thence they rode to Collatia, where they saw Lucretia in a very different situation. With her maids about her, she was at work in the inner part of her house, talking on the dangers to which her husband was exposed. The victory was adjudged to her unanimously. She received her guests with all possible politeness and civility. Lucretia's virtue, which should have commanded respect, was the very thing which kindled in the breast of Sextus Tarquin a strong and detestable passion. Within a few days he returned to Collatia, and upon the plausible excuse he made for his visit, he was received with all the politeness due to a near relation, and the eldest son of a king. Watching the fittest opportunity, he declares the passion she had excited at his last visit, and employed the most tender intreaties, and all the artifices possible, to touch a woman's heart; but all to no purpose.—He then endeavored to extort her compliance by the most terrible threatenings. It was in vain. She still persisted in her resolution; nor could she be moved, even by the fear of death. But, when the monster told her that he would first dispatch her, and then having murdered a slave, would lay him by her side, after which he would spread a report, that having caught them in the act of adultery, he had punished them as they deserved; this seemed to shake her resolution. She hesitated, not knowing which of these dreadful alternatives to take, whether, by consenting to dishonor the bed of her husband, whom she tenderly loved; or, by refusing, to die under the odious character of having prostituted her person to the lust of a slave. He saw the struggle of her soul: and seizing the unlucky moment, obtained an inglorious conquest. Thus Lucretia's virtue, which had been proof against the fear of death, could not hold out against the fear of infamy. The young prince, having gratified his passion, returned home as in triumph.

On the morrow, Lucretia, overwhelmed with grief and despair, sent early in the morning to desire her father and her husband to come to her and bring with them each a trusty friend, assuring them there was no time to loose. They came with all speed, the one accompanied with Valerius, (so famous after under the name of Publicola) and the other with Brutus. The moment she saw them come, she could not command her tears; and when her husband asked her if all was well: "By no means," said she, "it cannot be well with a woman who has lost her honour. Yes, Collatinus, thy bed has been defiled by a stranger; but I am only polluted; my mind is innocent, as my death shall witness.—Promise me only, not to suffer the adulterer to go unpunished: it is Sextus Tarquinius, who last night, treacherous guest, or rather cruel foe, offered me violence, and reaped a joy fatal to me; but if you are men, it will be still more fatal to him." All promised to revenge her: and, at the same time, tried to comfort her with representing, "That the mind only sins, not the body; and where the consent is wanting, there can be no guilt." "What Sextus deserves," replies Lucretia, "I leave you to judge; but for me, though I declare myself innocent of the crime, I exempt not myself from punishment. No immodest woman shall plead Lucretia's example to outlive her dishonor." Thus saying, she plunged into her breast a dagger she had concealed under her robe, and expired at their feet.

Lucretia's tragical death has been praised and extolled by Pagan writers, as the highest and most noble act of heroism. The gospel thinks not so: it is murder, even according to Lucretia's own principles, since she punished with death an innocent person, at least acknowledged as such by herself. She was ignorant that our life is not in our own power, but in his disposal from whom we receive it.

St. Austin, who carefully examines, in his book *De civitate Dei*, what are we to think of Lucretia's death, considers it not as a courageous action, flowing from a true love of chastity, but as an infirmity of a woman too sensible of worldly fame and glory; and who, from a dread of appearing in the eyes of men an accomplice of the violence she abhorred, and of a crime to which she was entirely a stranger, commits a real crime upon herself voluntarily and designedly. But what cannot be sufficiently admired in this Roman lady is her abhorrence of adultery, which she seems to hold so detestable as not to bear the thoughts of it. In this sense, she is a noble example for all her sex.

MATRIMONY.

AN EXTRACT.

"When kind tumults seize the veins and all the yielding soul is love," let the aspiring youth "beware" of making promises.

If a smiling season and the glowing cheek of beauty have exposed your heart to the arrows of love, make a truce with Cupid, until you experience the effect of December's chill frosts upon the ardor of your passion.

Spring love often freezes in the winter; and love once congealed, seldom pursues its old channel again.

Early marriages are a public blessing; but unhappy matches a private curse.—A man in love is always generous, and a generous person never thinks himself poor.

A young man is too poor to marry untill he has the certain means of earning, at least, three times as much in a year as he expends when single. While I am upon the subject of economies, I will suggest an economical and I think, judicious way of carrying on a courtship:—Instead of riding into the adjacent towns, and spending a dollar or two every week or fortnight, let the young tradesman establish himself in business, and the young farmer procure a small farm and decent house, free from debt, and the business, though, perhaps, never thought of, is at least, half performed.

It is a light objection that your acquaintance with the sex will be too superficial for a good choice. The roving rake, who tells you he is in pursuit of a good wife, is hunting bad women—leave him to his course, and he will be overtaken by an untimely, an inclement winter. Let temperance and industry strew your path, through the season of life, with the flowers of perpetual May.

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Johnson being engaged by Mr. Osborne, a bookseller, to translate a work of some consequence, he thought it a respect which he owed his own talents, as well as the credit of his employer, to be as circumspect in the performance as possible. In consequence of which, the work went on (agreeably to Osborn's ideas, who measured most things by the

facility with which they were done) rather slowly; accordingly he frequently spoke to Dr. Johnson of this circumstance; and being a man of a coarse mind, sometimes by his expressions made him feel the situation of dependence.—Dr. Johnson, however, seemed to take no notice of him, but went on to the plan he had prescribed to himself. Osborne, wishing to have the book out to answer some temporary purpose, and perhaps irritated at what he thought an unnecessary delay, one day went into the room where Dr. Johnson was, and abused him in the most illiberal manner: amongst other things he told him "he had been much mistaken in his man; that he was recommended to him as a good scholar, and a *ready hand*; he doubted both, for that *Tom such-a-one* of the Old Bailey, (if he could rely on his sobriety) would have *turned out the work* much sooner, and that being the case, the probability was, that by this here time, the edition would have *moved off*.

Dr. Johnson heard him for some time unmoved, but at last losing all patience, he snatched up a huge folio, which he was at that time consulting, and aiming a blow at the bookseller's head, succeeded so forcibly, as to send him sprawling on the floor: Osborne alarmed the family with his cries; but, Dr. Johnson clapping his foot on his breast, would not let him stir, till he exposed him in that situation, and then left him with this triumphant expression:—

"*Lie there, thou son of dullness, ignorance, and obscurity.*"

LOCAL PREJUDICE.

SOME years ago a gentleman who came from the highlands of Scotland, was invited to dine with Mr. ——, in the environs of New-York, every thing, as a stranger was shewn to him; a remarkable pear tree, on which there was some remarkable large fruit, seemed to attract his notice; Mr. ——, asked him if he had ever seen any of that size before.—He answered decidedly that they were nothing like equal to what grew in the Duke of Argyle's garden at Invernary. Nettled with this reply, he went out after dinner, while the bottle was fast plying round the table, and desired his gardner to cut some of the largest gourds or pumpkins, which he could find, and tie them neatly upon the branches of a tree which he pointed out, this done, when twilight approached he told his guest, that he had forgot to shew him some pears that were certainly larger than any in Scotland. He looked up at them with astonishment, and exclaimed, "I dinna doubt but what they are nearly as big as the Duke's."

ON BEARDS.

(From a French Journal.)

A Beard is the ornament of goats, philosophers, and orientalists.

Is a long beard handsomer than a short one? or is it better to shave it than let it grow? These are indeed important questions, since they have been the subject of war between nations, and disputation between religious sects. It is a question difficult to resolve, since after so many ages we see on the surface of the earth, as many people without as with beards.

A maxim in bad Latin says, *De gustibus non est disputandum;* and there is one in good French which says, *Il ne faut disputer ni de gouts ne de coleurs.*—This might decide the point, if it were true that taste, not chance, influenced the destines of the beard. But the history of all possible beards, from those of Moses, Agamemnon, and Socrates, to that of Henry the IV. and the grand Lama, prove quite the contrary.

The Greeks wore their beards long until the time of Alexander the Great. But this prince, who was no fool, ordered the Macedonians to cut off their beards from fear that the Persians would not wear theirs long.

When the Romans found that the Carthagenians wore beards, they laid aside theirs, which they had worn until then, and the fashion did not make its appearance again until the reigns of the emperors Marcus Aurelius, Antonius, &c. who set the example, and imitated themselves the philosophers of the school of Athens, who had preserved theirs.

After the churches of the east and west began to separate, the Greeks perceived that the Latins had proscribed the beard, and from a spirit of contradiction they reinstated it in all its rights, honors and dignities.

The orientalists, constant in their practice of wearing their beards, have had no dispute on that point; but in revenge they have quarrelled on the fashion of it; and more than once the Tartars have fought in battle array against the Persians for differing from them in opinion on this subject.

The Americans are the only people on earth who never had quarrels or wars on this point. The reason is very obvious—Nature has not given them a beard.

To decide the question fairly, I think we should isolate ourselves from all other people, and without entering into their particular interests and prejudices, confine ourselves to the examination of our own.

If we consult the ladies, it is very probable that they will all declare in favor of a beard; but it is of importance to know what sort of beards will please them.

Red beards might please Hebrew beauties; but we are not the descendants of Abraham, and prejudice has condemned this colour.

Blue beards are in no great favor, if we may believe the author of Little Poucet, Cendrillon, &c. for they do not announce a tender heart.

Black beards have nothing against them, but they are scarce in the north, and to the present day means have not been discovered of putting a black beard on a red chin, as we ingraft a plumb on a quince. However the ingenuity of man is such, that we ought not to despair.

As to grey or white beards, they are very venerable, but that is all.

All then we know of the subject is, that a beard is very desirable for youth, becomes the gravity of manhood, and is the ornament of old age.

A thousand persons of no consideration might thus obtain it, and the respect which we had not for themselves, we might have for their beards. A fool might pass for a philosopher, and his beard stand in the place of wisdom. A long beard might prove a great convenience to the laborious classes, as they would not have the trouble of shaving it; and to the idle, as to pass the time away it would afford them the employment of curling and combing it. They might even, like some orientalists, confine it in silken purses; and should this fashion appear ridiculous to an European, it should be considered that the purses into which we put our hair, may appear no less ridiculous to a Turk. The only difference is, that one wears it behind and the other before.

Now, if it be true that the promise of a mussulman, when he swears by his beard, is more than when he takes God and his conscience to witness—a beard, at this rate, would be of inestimable advantage among us. There would be

something then upon which we might depend. Oaths would not be so common, and so often broken.

For those who wish for further information on this important subject, it may be of use to know, respecting long beards, that it is to Charles Martel, the Frenchmen are indebted, that they do not wear long beards. For if he had not conquered at Poitiers, the Saracens, already masters of Spain, and a moiety of France, they would have been all mussulmen.—They would wear their beards long, the barbers would be beggars, and razors would not have flayed so many faces.

HYMENEAL RECORD.

Married, on the 13th inst. Doctor *Elijah Perkins*, to Miss *Susan Stephenson*, daughter of Robert Stephenson, Esq. deceased.

On the same day, *Matthew L. Bevar*, Merchant, to Miss *Deborah Newman*, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on the 13th inst. after a lingering indisposition, Mr. *Samuel Eldredge*, Merchant, of this city. With a heart, generous, liberal, and humane, true charity directed his steps through life; and he conducted himself in a manner which secured the esteem of those, who were animated, *like him*, by virtuous principles: and attained, by prudence and industrious perseverance, a high degree of mercantile and moral reputation.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 6th to the 13th inst. Adults 27—Children 16—Total, 43.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"HENRY" is informed, that as we have already announced our intention respecting the local communications of "A" and "P," we did not expect to be further troubled with that *dry* controversy.—"HENRY'S" communication cannot, therefore, be admitted.

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 20th, 1804.

FOREIGN.

The Antigua Gazette of the 11th ult. contains a particular detail of the damage sustained there in the late hurricane, it appears that upwards of 60 vessels were driven ashore in the harbor of St. John's. The Duke of Cumberland Packet foundered at her anchors—and much destruction ashore among the wharves, cranes, stores, &c. The estates in the country, especially those in the mountains, have suffered much.

On the morning of the 10th, a severe shock of an earthquake was felt through the island.

Extract of a Letter.

"*Petersburgh, [Russia] June 8.*

"About the beginning of last winter, the public attention was much engaged by one of the most attrocious murders I ever heard of. A whole family was found massacred in the suburbs of Petersburgh; a man and his wife lay in bed with their heads nearly cut off; an under officer lay stretched on the floor in the same state; near the door was a boy, about 12, who, probably, having attempted to escape, was beheaded and cruelly mangled; in a cradle was found a child nearly frozen to death; and upon a table in the room were seen a pack of cards, an empty brandy bottle, and a few pieces of copper.

"It was about four days after the murder before this discovery was made, when his Imperial Majesty attended in person, and saw the horrid spectacle, frozen into one mass of ice: he threatened the police with severe consequences if the assassins were not apprehended in 48 hours; gave 100 roubles for the relief of the infant, and promised 1000 for the discovery of the offenders.

"By the day following 147 persons were taken up, among whom was the villain who had been guilty of the crime.—It appeared that he was a carpenter who had worked in the neighborhood, and having heard that the people possessed a trifle of money, went one evening to beg a lodging, when, after having regaled them with brandy, he took an opportunity, when they were all asleep, to treat them as I have related, robbed the house of about 100 roubles, fastened the windows, having fixed a padlock on the door, and walked off unnoticed. I was determined to see the countenance of a man who could be guilty of such deliberate villainy; and resolved, however uncomfortable I might feel myself, to see him punished. On the Saturday morning following, about ten o'clock, I was informed that he was on his way to the place of execution. I overtook the procession about a mile on this side—first came the police master, then a posse of police officers, on horseback, two and two; four ranks of foot soldiers, 12 deep; behind the last rank was the murderer; on each side of him marched a soldier, with a drawn sabre; on his right and left, twelve with fixed bayonets.

"He was a tall, handsome young man, about 26 years of age, about 6 feet high, dressed in a blue coat, like a blue coat boy; he was accompanied by two others, who were to suffer for forgery, with the executioners carrying the knouts, tied up in canvass, and about six ranks of foot soldiers closed the rear.—I walked by his side nearly half a mile, and examined his physiognomy well. If Lavater had seen him, I think it would have staggered him a little; his countenance was open and honest, nor had he the least appearance of wearing so bad a heart. As I found myself overcome by the pressure of the crowd, and the heat of the skins in which I was wrapped up, and the melancholy preparations before me, I pushed through the rabble, and got into a tavern, where, after toffing off two glasses of brandy, and a crust of bread, I made the best of my way to the place of execution; they had entered the ring, which was now surrounded by a very great throng, and I should certainly have returned as wise as I came, but for meeting a young officer, whose brother was present with his regiment.—"Do you think (says he) you can support such a sight?"—I told him I had resolved I would—so taking me by the arm, we passed through the crowd, one rank of horse, and two of foot, and stood very near the stake which was prepared for the murderer: the two others were by my side.

"The stake was a strong block of wood, fixed in the ground, with three grooves at the top, and two rings near the bottom; the middle groove was for the neck, and the two others for the arm pits, the rings below to lock round the ancles. About the stakes were laid coarse skins, especially where the knout-master trod, upon which lay his whips, marking irons, pincers, &c. An officer then read a paper to the people, signifying that forgery upon the Imperial Bank being a capital crime, and two of the prisoners being convicted of it, were condemned to receive eleven blows of the knout, to have their nostrils pulled out, and be banished for life to Siberia; the murderer of so many persons to receive 399 blows, to be branded three times in the face, have his nostrils pulled out, and (if then alive) to be banished for life to the mines of Siberia.

"The executioner and his assistants, then stripped him, tied his hands across, and led him to the spot. After fixing his ancles, they bent his neck and arms over it, and drew the rope, with which his hands were tied, through a ring on the opposite side, which seemed to stretch all the muscles of the back; he then retired about four or five yards from him, and taking up one of the knouts, worked it with his hand, to give it a proper elas-

ticity: the blow is then given as I have seen an awkward boy try to smack a whip; he walked to the post with four or five steady steps, then taking a spring, strikes a perpendicular stroke, with a heavy, loud crack. They first cut him from the right side of the bottom of the neck to the left arm-pit; the effect was visible in a moment, and by the violence of his screams, I suppose the pain was very great; the second was about half an inch below the first, and so on till 25, when changing the whip, he erased the former wounds, striking from the left side to the right, afterwards quite perpendicular; they were given with great regularity, between each, one might deliberately count eight, the executioner always walking to and from the stake.

"His cries were now so terrible that I was forced to put my fingers in my ears, and turn my back, wishing to make my way out as fast as possible, but it was not without the greatest difficulty I effected it; having seen him receive 125: I walked several times round the ring on the outside, and noticed the different spectators; all were quiet and silent, and the crack of the knout was heard at a great distance. After three hundred his voice grew faint, and during the last hundred he shewed no signs of life whatever; the whole of the upper part of the back being beaten to a black mummy; after the last blow, the assistants lifted up the face by the hair, and the executioner struck him forcibly three times with an instrument that left the initial of murderer, throwing each time an handful of black dust into the wounds; after which, at two pulls, he tore the gristle of his nose, and loosened him from the block. It lasted about three quarters of an hour. Most people thought he had been dead some time; however, he made a feeble attempt to put on his coat, and, as I have heard since, is sufficiently recovered to be able to make some reparation to society by working in the iron mines."

DOMESTIC.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.

TREMENDOUS STORM.

On Tuesday morning last, a most violent storm commenced in this place, and continued its destructive career, until about 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The wind blew at first from S. S. E. then shifted to E. increasing its power until about 3 o'clock, when it abated for a few moments and then veered to N. E.—From this quarter, the gale blew with a violence and fury unprecedented in the annals of this town. The damage which has been sustained by this tremendous hurricane, cannot at present be estimated; but is very great and extensive.

Particulars of a Murder and Suicide, committed at Reading, Connecticut.

ON Saturday, the 25th of August, last, Mrs. Hannah Marchant, the wife of Chauncy Marchant, was found dead on the floor of her house; her skull broken in such a shocking manner, that part of the brains were on the floor. The corpse was found lying on its face, and a large flax hatchel smitten with violence into the back part of the head, so that the teeth perforated the skull as much as two inches. A jury of inquest was immediately ordered by S. S. Smith, Esq. who returned a verdict, that "she was murdered by her husband," (who had absconded.) An extraordinary concourse of men from that and the neighbouring towns immediately formed into two bodies to make search for the criminal, and scouted through the woods and fields of corn, in different parts of the town. His well which was very deep, and had considerable water in it, was also sounded; but no discovery being made, it was agreed to meet at the Town-House the next morning, for the purpose of making a more thorough and extensive search. Accordingly, on the Sabbath, the 26th, at about eight o'clock in the morning, three hundred persons assembled at the Town-House, and with the greatest regularity organized themselves into companies, and proceeded to make search untill twelve o'clock, when signals were given for returning. The man had been discovered to be drowned in his own well, and was immediately taken out in the presence of five or six hundred persons. A jury of inquest was immediately summoned on *his* body, who, after examining a large number of witnesses, returned a verdict of "Wilful self-murder."

This man had formerly been an industrious, economical citizen, and had brought up a family of eight children, the youngest of which is now eleven years old; but for six or eight years past had given himself great liberty with liquor. His wife had, for five or six months, declared her fear of living with him, and had actually separated herself from him. The evening before he committed this almost unparalleled act of inhumanity, he agreed, with some gentleman to make an inventory and distribution of his estate, so far as to set out a certain part for the use of his wife; towards whom, for several weeks preceding, he assumed a respectful behaviour, undoubtedly with a design to get her into his power, and alone.

She, supposing him absent from home, went this once, for the first time, *alone*, to milk her cows; and it is supposed he secreted himself in the house; and while she was in the act of setting away the milk, came softly behind her, and with all his exertions beat out her brains with the hatchel, and then stuck it into the back part of her head, and left her in this horrible situation. It appeared on enquiry, that he had formed a determination to murder his wife about a year ago, and she had the precaution to keep a child, or somebody, near her constantly, till the fatal hour. The day before he committed the murder he went to the house where she was, and in a low voice or half whisper, informed her he believed somebody had stolen his meat, and wished her to go to his house, and take notice of the barrel. This was overheard by a person who was in company with her, but the unfortunate victim of his hellish malice, was at that time too much on her guard to be thus ensnared by him. He used such art and hypocrisy, that even good men were deceived by him, and supposed the woman to be jealous of danger without a cause; but the contrary has now been fatally proved.

On Sabbath, the remains of the murdered woman were interred, attended by a numerous and solemn assembly. Four of the weeping orphans were present, the others were absent at too great a distance to be called home.—At the same time that the procession was moving her corpse to the burial ground, the body of the murderer was wrapped in a blanket, carried a different way, and buried on his own ground at the direction of the selectmen. [*Danbury paper.*

☞ *If there have been any omissions, in consequence of the neglect of the former Carrier of this paper, the deficient numbers may be had at the office.*

Those of our subscribers who have not *paid their last quaarter's subscription money, will oblige us by forwarding it as soon as convenient, to*

THE EDITOR.

At No. 77 North Third Street

POETRY.

From the Palladium.

SEDUCTION, or The BEAUTIFUL MANIAC—*An Elegy.*

By THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, A. B.

Now night's sullen noon spreads her mantle around,
And menacing thunders roll solemn in air,
AMANDA's full accents the woodlands resound,
Dark mountains re-echo these plaints of despair!

"See how the gloom deepens, the rude tempest roars,
And loud the rough north wind howls through the expanse,
Old Ocean, hoarse murmuring, lashes the shores,
And phantoms of night o'er the wild desert dance!

The prominent cliff, that impends o'er the flood,
Responds to the ominous screams of the owl,
Grim wolves rave infuriate through the dark wood,
Their orgies, nocturnal, discordantly howl!

Here, pensively straying, I'll climb the tall steep,
While night's leaden sceptre bids nature repose,
From the brow of the precipice plunge in the deep,
And thus put an end to my numberless woes.

In the gay morn of life, surely none was more bless'd,
To the blithe song of pleasure I danc'd o'er the green,
Of innocence, beauty and fortune possess'd,
While sportive festivity hail'd me her queen.

To solace my parents, my pleasing employ,
Their life's rugged passage with flow'rets to strew,
AMANDA their hope, and AMANDA their joy,
Her happiness all that they wish'd for below.

Thus fifteen fair summers roll'd swiftly away,
Ere man, base deceiver, to ruin me strove,
Ere Cleon, false hearted, but witty and gay,
First melted my heart to the raptures of love.

Spring, sweetly luxuriant, deck'd the gay lawn,
The dew-drop, nectarious, bespangled the grove,
When Cleon first met me, one beautiful morn,
With trembling solicitude whisper'd of love!

His person was graceful, his manners refin'd,
A pupil of Chesterfield, easy and free,
But night's darkest gloom, not so dark as his mind,
Not half so deceitful yon treacherous sea.

With eyes beaming rapture he swore to be true:
"Can cruelty dwell with a cherub so fair,
Will you make me unhappy, who lives but for you,
Ah, why will you drive a fond youth to despair!"

"With fatal success were his stratagems pli'd,
To ruin a blooming and innocent maid,
Full often he promis'd to make me his bride,
But basely deserted the nymph he betray'd.

The news to my parents convey'd sad surprise,
Oppress'd with keen anguish they tore their grey hair,
Till pitying death clos'd their sorrowing eyes,
But left me a prey to the pangs of despair!

Impell'd by rude phrenzy, I wander'd from home,
That home, once delightful, where once I was blest,
Now indigent, hopeless, distracted I roam,
Till Death's cold embrace lull my sorrows to rest.

But, ah! the wild horrors of madness return,
To rive every nerve in my tremulous frame,
Forbear my pain'd head any longer to burn,
Cease, anguishing heart, to enkindle the flame!

Roar louder, ye winds! spread destruction around!
Let thunder, loud bellowing, shake the firm pole,
Let earthquakes impel o'er the shuddering ground,
To mimic the passions which torture my soul!

Ah! Cleon, thou false, thou perfidious swain,
My spectre shall haunt thee in night's solemn gloom!"
She spoke, and precipitant plung'd in the main,
And a requiem sought in the cold wat'ry tomb.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflexion sooths the pensive soul;
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colors fade away;
To thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd:
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove!
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore?
Oft, when thy better spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast,
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence just.
But oh thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name.

Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
and dissipates the horrors of despair:
From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey:
Lest lurking folly with insidious art
Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Oh rather while thy hopes and fears control,
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure it's safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound,
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Dr. Percy first published his collection of English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit, he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe to him one evening at Miss Reynold's tea-table, that he could rhyme as well in common narrative or conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head,
I walk'd along the strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou will give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drank the liquor up;

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown:—
Thou can'st not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanza's, till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.

EPIGRAM TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live WITHOUT you;
Now we have been two months asunder,
How I liv'd WITH you is the wonder!